

PLANS are well in hand, I understand, for the triumphal progress along the Seine which is to be one of the culminating features of the Royal visit to Paris in April.

At half-past eight on the evening of the 9th, the Queen and her party will go on board the Bords-Fretigny and sail upstream from the Quai d'Orsay. Both banks will be illuminated, and each quarter will present tableaux-vivants appropriate to itself. Near the Halles, for instance, fruit and vegetables will be called into service as symbols of Plenty. Nor have the market porters, the legendary *forts des Halles*, been forgotten: these amiable mammoths are to give a salute, the exact character of which has yet to be decided.

The *Marché aux Fleurs* will become one huge garland for the occasion, and many of the more wily blooms will be tossed in the direction of the Royal craft. At the Bastille, dance orchestras of every kind will be in full blast, and from time to time gymnastic societies and *groupes folkloriques* will be given full rein. I'd enjoy to be there.

His Excellency's Adviser

MR. JOHN HAY WHITNEY is, I hear, taking the most serious possible view of his duties as the next United States Ambassador; and as part of the process of sounding the ground he has invited Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, who from 1950 to 1953 was U.S. Assistant Secretary of Defence, to come to London informally and send him a general report.

Mrs. Rosenberg is, to my mind, one of the most remarkable women in American public life. Hungarian by birth, she was brought to the U.S.A. at the age of ten, married when she was seventeen, and five years later set up in practice as "labor and personnel relations consultant." In 1938 she visited Great Britain and Sweden on President Roosevelt's behalf and reported to him on industrial relations.

A personal friend of both Roosevelt, who referred to her

as "my Mrs. Fb-I," and Mr. Truman, she served as their personal representative in the European theatre of war in 1944-45 and reported on the problems faced by returning U.S. soldiers. Since the war she has been prominent in many fields—notably on the American commission for UNESCO—and those who have worked in



MRS. ROSENBERG

Washington speak of her with some awe.

Altogether the new Ambassador couldn't have picked a more formidable adviser.

Louder Than Words

THE Americans will find in Mr. Duncan Sandys a man who knows what he thinks and is prepared to stand by it.

When a junior in the Central Department of the Foreign Office, he wrote a lengthy minute to the effect that only the restoration of the Habsburgs would produce lasting peace in Central Europe.

To which his chief pointed out, with perhaps the mildest suggestion of a rebuke, that this was not the policy of His Majesty's Government.

Mr. Sandys ranged round the Office like one distracted. What, he asked everyone, was the proper way to resign? When

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duly informed, he sent in his resignation at once. For what, he said, was the point of staying on if his advice, which he was convinced was right, was ignored?

Professional

ONE of the world's most expertly professional playwrights, M. Armand Salacrou,

was in London last week for the opening of his "No Laughing Matter" at the Arts Theatre.

"Not less than one play a year" is the professional's motto, and M. Salacrou, who has had something on, or near, the stage for the last thirty-three years, can claim to have almost fulfilled it. Himself feet

of speech, alabaster-bald, with a politician's appearance of candour and the quiet dress of a heavy industrialist, he does most of his writing in an Alpine cabin; when at a lower altitude he keeps a careful eye on the family pharmaceutical business (he is a Norman by birth, and comes from Rouen), which allows him to meet suc-

cess and failure on the stage "and treat those two impostors nearly here, last week his friends thought that something out of the way must have happened.

Good Deed

EMBASSIES were not always the most useful places in the world—now—south or west of the Park. For forty years in the nineteenth century, for instance, the Austrian Embassy was at Chandos House in Queen Anne Street, one of London's finest eighteenth-century mansions; and at 6 p.m. on February 14, the present Austrian Ambassador is to lecture there, on behalf of the Centenary Fund of The Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, on "Memories of Chandos House."

Prince Schwarzenberg is a fine judge of houses (the Schwarzenberg Palais is one of the greatest of Viennese mansions and its garden is hardly smaller than St. James's Park) and I don't doubt that the lecture will be of high interest. It is one of many good deeds that are being done, this centenary year, for a hospital that depends entirely on voluntary contributions and is still run by the congregation of nuns that sent out sisters to the Crimea with Florence Nightingale.

Pennies from Heaven

THIS looks like being a bumper year for mountaineers. Mr. L. P. Kirwan, the Director of the Royal Geographical Society, tells me that the Everest Foundation has already received twenty-three applications for grants-in-aid from intending expedition leaders.

The Foundation was set up on the profits of the 1953 Everest expedition. "Pennies from Heaven," in fact—or as near as we can get to it on foot; and what with lecture fees, film and television rights, and royalties from Sir John Hunt's "Ascent of Everest," they make up a tidy sum.

The Foundation financed Charles Evans's successful expedition to Kanchenjunga last year; and next month he sets off, once again with the Foundation's backing, to attempt Annapurna II which, at over 26,000 feet, is now the highest unclimbed mountain in the world.

Refugees' Basic

PROFESSOR I. A. RICHARDS, of Harvard University, who with Dr. C. K. Ogden was the founder of Basic English, is a regular visitor to this country; but his visits usually coincide

with his annual climbing holiday in the Alps. When he adjusts the same last week his friends thought that something out of the way must have happened.

It had. Professor Richards had come to consult with the National Coal Board on the best ways of teaching English to Hungarian refugees.

Always an exciting and influential force in education, Professor Richards has an opportunity to put theory to work in the service of an urgent human need. The N.C.B. should be congratulated on having secured his help.

Model Ship

WHEN it begins the London to Australia run at the end of 1960, the £12½ million liner that P. & O. have just designed will be the most revolutionary as well as the most expensive passenger vessel ever to have emerged from British shipyards. (The Queen Elizabeth is said to have cost between £8 million and £7 million.)

One of the team responsible for the new liner's unusual features is P. & O.'s naval architect, Mr. John West, who, at thirty, is one of the prodigies of British shipbuilding. A fully-fledged naval architect at eighteen, he continued his studies at Durham University, before joining P. & O.'s design staff in 1952.

Smoke on the new vessel will be carried innocuously through startlingly streamlined funnels at the stern, light alloys will be used in a hundred ingenious ways throughout the ship, and the 3,210 passengers will have the space amidsthips to themselves, untroubled by the turbo-electric engines aft.

Magoo, Esquire

IN America the one film cartoon character who seems to have established himself since Donald Duck is a chronically shortighted little man with a voice like W. C. Fields called Mr. Magoo.

Magoo's ability to overlook the obvious gives him a lunatic's immunity from the terrors of existence, and now that his creators, United Productions of America, have opened a branch in London, he may soon be let loose as a figure in the English scene.

The head of the branch, Mr. Leo Salatin, tells me that U.P.A. was founded as a breakaway from the strict naturalism of Walt Disney; its productions have included a cartoon story based on Edgar Allan Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," an "X" certificate, an art film called "The Invisible

Moustache of Raoul Dufy" and six psychology films on sibling rivalries called "Family Circus."

But at the moment Magoo is being cast for a full-length "Dory Quibote" in New York, and Mr. Salatin is hoping while in England to recruit Emmet and Ronald Searle to the band of U.P.A. cartoonists, which already includes Steinberg, Thurber and Ludwig Bemelmans.

Electra's Countrywoman

NOW that Toscanini is dead the greatest "draw" in the world of music is probably



MARIA CALLAS

Maria Meneghini Callas, whose two performances of "Norma" at Covent Garden (the first is next Saturday) could have been sold out many times over. There are finer stylists than Madame Callas (one of them will be singing Adalgisa to her Norma in London) and more serenely beautiful voices. What puts her clear of the field is a quality half-dazzling, half-demonic, an ambition that would have made Nietzsche pause, and a strength of will which reminds us that she is Electra's countrywoman.

Less than twenty years ago she was, by her own account, an ugly, poor, fat, heavy-spectacled and all-but-ludicrous schoolgirl. She has metamorphosed herself as completely as anyone outside mythology, and this makes her, I think, a phenomenon of more-than-musical interest.

People and Words

"It isn't those who are always addressing each other as comrades who necessarily show the most brotherly feelings."

—MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN.

"Every apprentice carries the company's banner, but if you see that banner in the hands of a Teddy Boy I'll knock his block off!"

—SIR ROY DONSON, Managing Director, A. V. Roe Ltd.

"My wife and I have seen television—and we wouldn't have a set as a gift."

—LORD BEVERIDGE.